

SELF-PORTRAIT AS GIRAFFE POET AND CAFE HABITUE

I'm 6 ft 2
I have large brown freckles
on my back —
I'm a giraffe poet.
I write my poems with an ink
made from peacock sweat.
I too have stood bowed
by the Thames
where so many of love's lepers
have thrown their prayers.
I sit in plazas great and wide
and watch the pigeons —

eternal dandruff of the world.

A BOOK BY CONRAD

The girl
wanted a horse
for her birthday.
Her father bought her
a book.
The girl begrudgingly
read a few pages.
She realized
that a good book
is a form
of horse.

THE ARSONIST

For me
lighting a match
is like eating
a whole box
of chocolates.

POETRY

I've always
liked that episode
where Superman
squeezed a lump of coal
into a diamond
in his fist.

— Peter Bakowski

East Melbourne Australia